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TIM HOLT
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NO. 37
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Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
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Eerie
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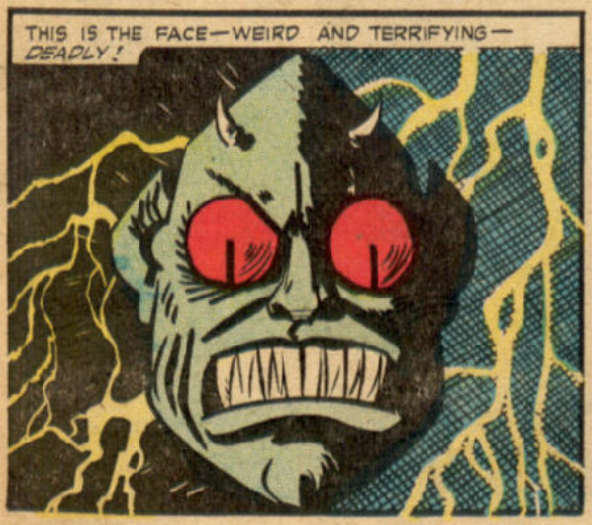
TIM HOLT

IT GLOWED IN THE DARK, AND WHERE ITS RED EYES STARED, THERE DEATH REACHED OUT AND CLAIMED A VICTIM! AND WHEN ***REDMASK*** CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THIS EERIE MENACE, THERE SEEMED NO ESCAPE FROM THE DEADLY PERIL OF—

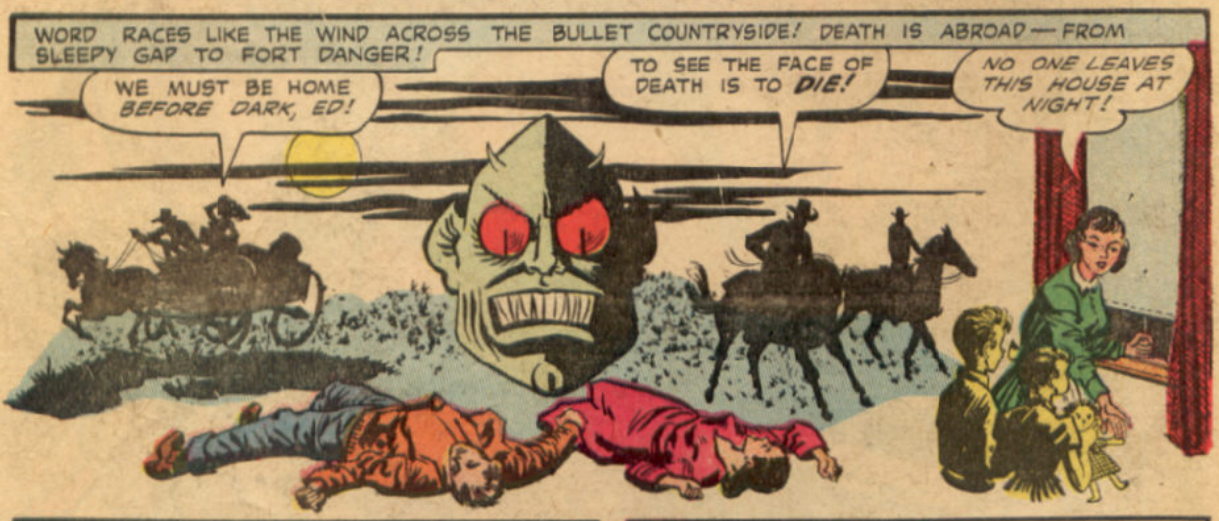
'THE DEATH MASK!'

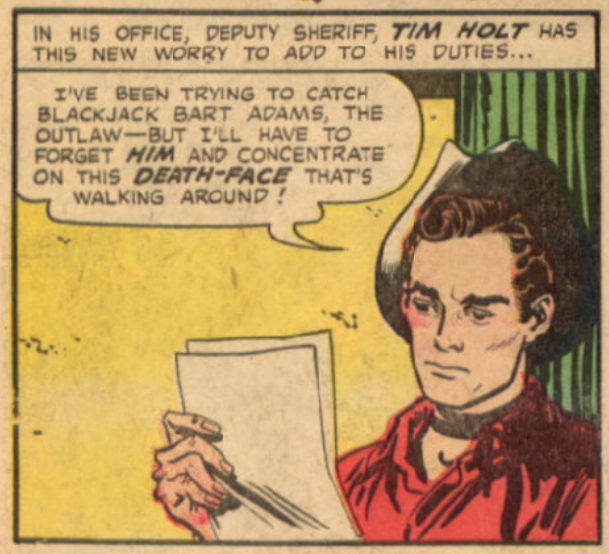


GIMME A DRINK! JUST SAW DEATH OUTSIDE... SAID I'D DIE... INSIDE A WEEK...
YOU HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK!
YOU'RE LOCO!

SOME NIGHTS LATER, AS BELLA MORRIS LEAVES THE LOCAL THEATRE...
YOU WILL BE MY NEXT VICTIM! WITHIN A WEEK I'LL COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY!
AAiiieeee!

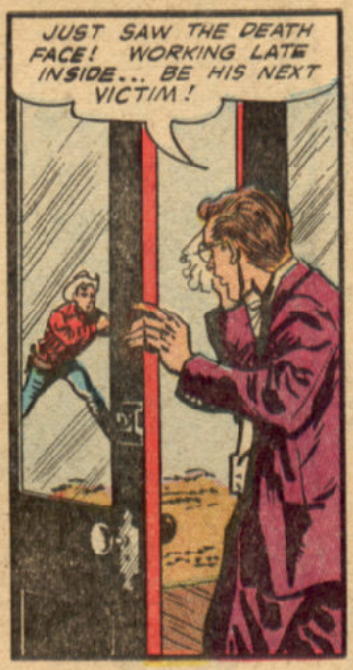
THE DEATH FACE CAME TO JIM LANVIN! AND HE DIED THIS MORNING! NOW —IT'S MY TURN...!


WORD RACES LIKE THE WIND ACROSS THE BULLET COUNTRYSIDE! DEATH IS ABROAD—FROM SLEEPY GAP TO FORT DANGER!
WE MUST BE HOME BEFORE DARK, ED!
TO SEE THE FACE OF DEATH IS TO DIE!
NO ONE LEAVES THIS HOUSE AT NIGHT!


IN HIS OFFICE, DEPUTY SHERIFF, TIM HOLT HAS THIS NEW WORRY TO ADD TO HIS DUTIES...
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CATCH BLACKJACK BART ADAMS, THE OUTLAW—BUT I'LL HAVE TO FORGET HIM AND CONCENTRATE ON THIS DEATH-FACE THAT'S WALKING AROUND!

THE TOWN STREETS ARE DESERTED! NOBODY DARES WALK AROUND AT NIGHT—FOR FEAR THEY'LL RUN INTO THE DEATH-MASK!

SUDDENLY...
AAAGGGH!
BANK


JUST SAW THE DEATH FACE! WORKING LATE INSIDE... BE HIS NEXT VICTIM!

NO, YOU WON'T! I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU INSIDE A LOCKED, SEALED ROOM! NOBODY CAN GET IN TO KILL YOU! I'LL STAND GUARD OVER YOU MYSELF!

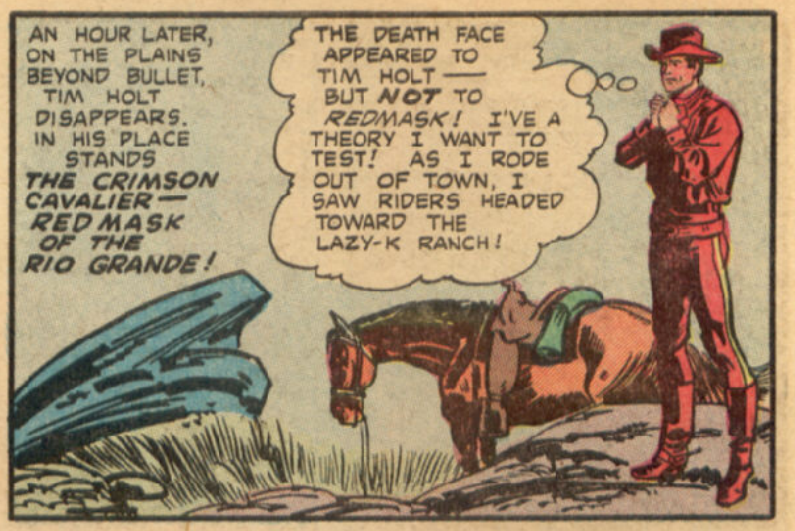
BUT THREE MORNINGS LATER...
NO USE, BOYS! HE'S DONE FOR!

THAT NIGHT, A BAND OF MASKED GUNMEN HIT THE BAR-7 RANCH...

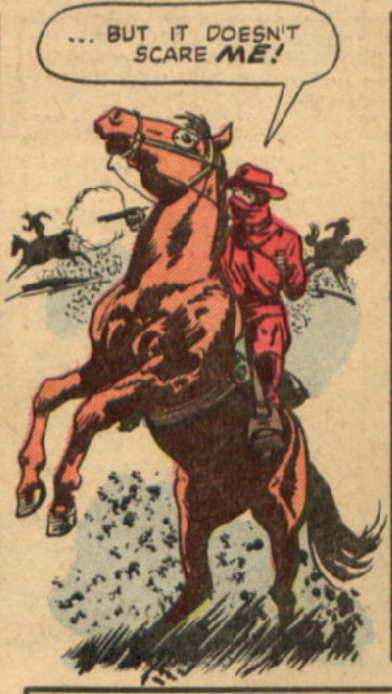
ON THE NEXT NIGHT, MASKED RIDERS HOLD UP THE BULLET WELLS-FARGO OFFICE...
THIS IS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY! EVERYBODY'S SCARED TO GO OUT ON THE STREETS — SO NOBODY'S AROUND TO STOP US!
WELLS FARGO

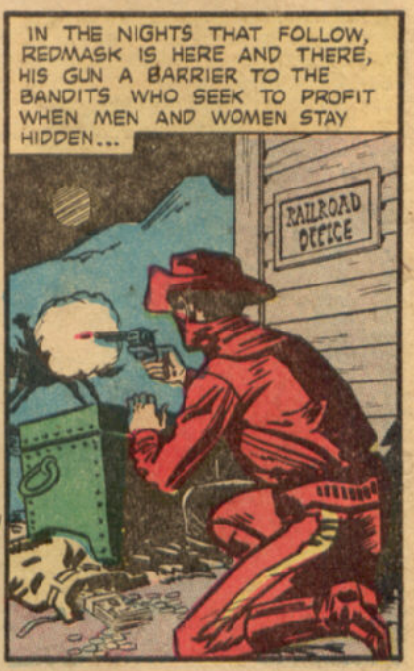
IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, TWO MEN PONDER LONG INTO THE MORNING HOURS. SUDDENLY TIM CRIES OUT —
SHERIFF GAGE — LOOK! THE FACE OF DEATH!

YOU SAW THE DEATH FACE, TIM! THAT MEANS —YOU WILL BE THE NEXT TO DIE!
I WONDER...?

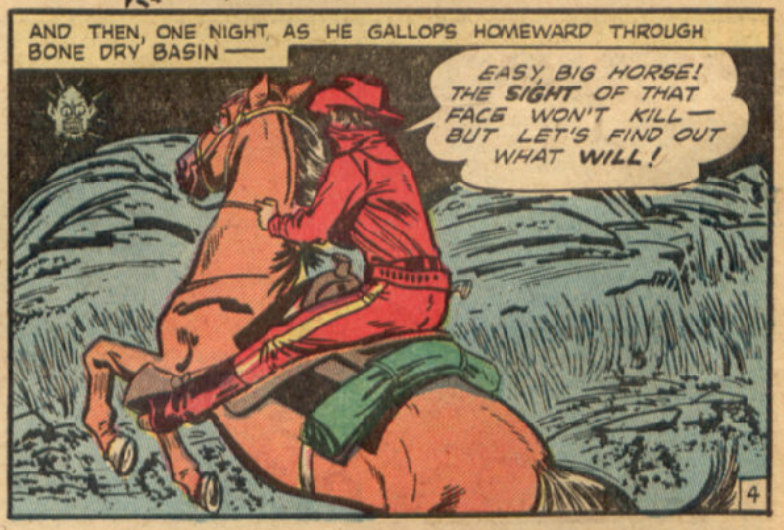

AN HOUR LATER, ON THE PLAINS BEYOND BULLET, TIM HOLT DISAPPEARS. IN HIS PLACE STANDS THE CRIMSON CAVALIER— REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE!
THE DEATH FACE APPEARED TO TIM HOLT — BUT NOT TO REDMASK! I'VE A THEORY I WANT TO TEST! AS I RODE OUT OF TOWN, I SAW RIDERS HEADED TOWARD THE LAZY-K RANCH!

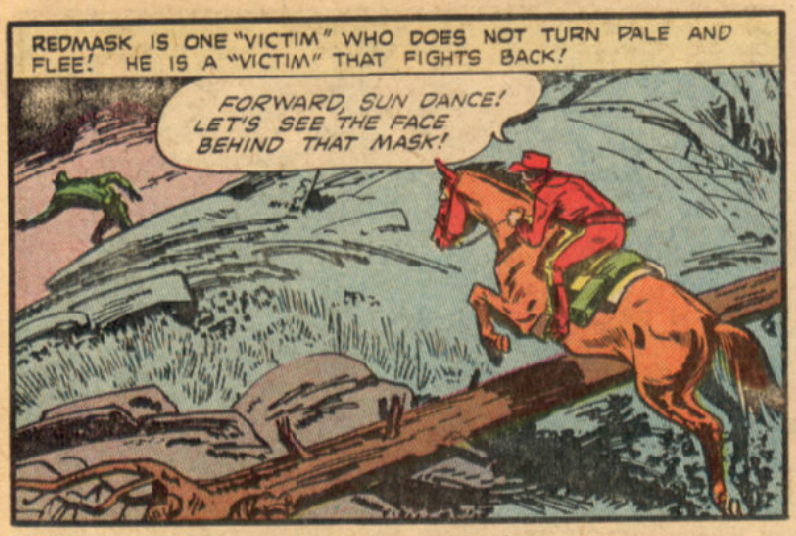
LIKE A SCARLET NIGHTMARE, THE GREAT REDMASK FALLS ON THE RUSTLERS—
THE DEATH FACE MAY KEEP OTHERS INDOORS TO LET YOU HOMBRES ROB...


... BUT IT DOESN'T SCARE ME!


IN THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOW, REDMASK IS HERE AND THERE, HIS GUN A BARRIER TO THE BANDITS WHO SEEK TO PROFIT WHEN MEN AND WOMEN STAY HIDDEN...
RAILROAD OFFICE

HE IS A CRIMSON WRAITH WHO COMES AND GOES WITH THE WIND—BARRING THE PATH OF THE KILLERS AND ROBBERS!
I STOPPED THEM FROM THAT BANK HOLDUP! NOW TO CHECK THE RANCHES TO SEE THAT THEY AREN'T RUSTLING STEERS!


AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, AS HE GALLOPS HOMEWARD THROUGH BONE DRY BASIN—
EASY, BIG HORSE! THE SIGHT OF THAT FACE WON'T KILL— BUT LET'S FIND OUT WHAT WILL!


REDMASK IS ONE "VICTIM" WHO DOES NOT TURN PALE AND FLEE! HE IS A "VICTIM" THAT FIGHTS BACK!
FORWARD, SUN DANCE! LET'S SEE THE FACE BEHIND THAT MASK!

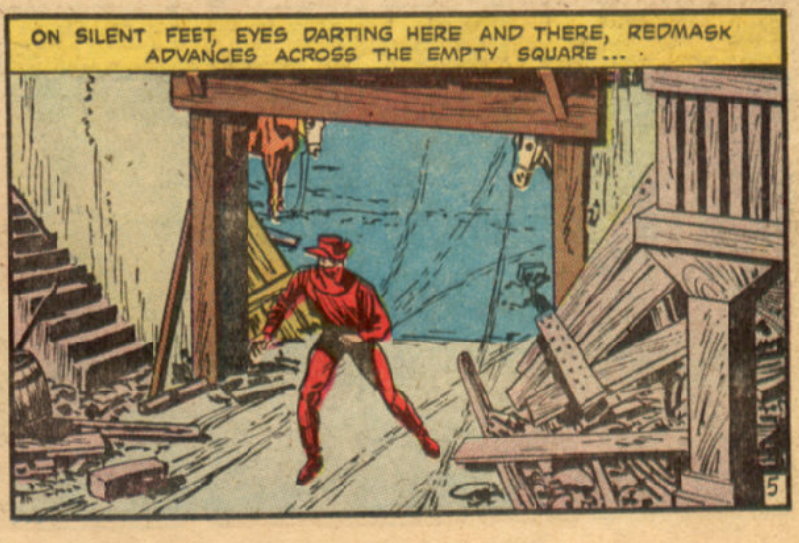
HE RUNS! AND HIS BOOTS MAKE NOISE ON THE ROCKS... PROVING HIM AS HUMAN AS I AM!

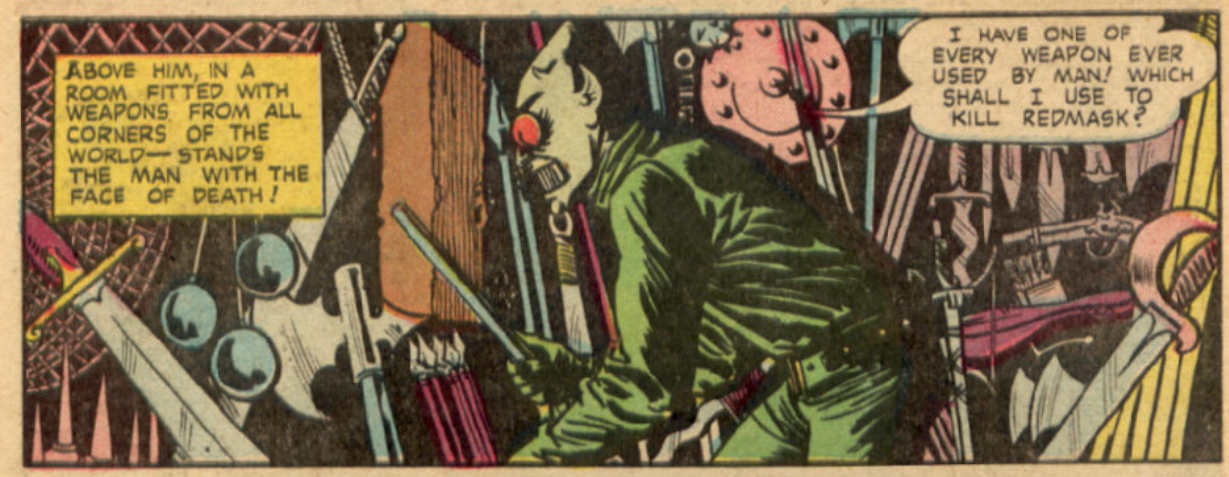
AS HUMAN AS YOU — BUT MORE *DEADLY!* TASTE THE SAVAGE KISS OF MY AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG, REDMASK!

THE WOODEN CRESCENT HURTLES DOWNWARD—MISSES —THEN RISES UPWARD TO THE HAND THAT THREW IT...
AN AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG! *THAT'S* A QUEER WEAPON FOR THE WESTERN PLAINS!

I HAVE OTHER UNUSUAL WEAPONS, TOO! FOLLOW ME IF YOU DARE — AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THEM!

THE PURSUIT MOVES ACROSS SOTOL-DOTTED PLAINS, TO THE RUINS OF AN OLD FORT...
HE'S RIGHT ON MY HEELS! GOOD! ONCE HE GETS INSIDE THIS PLACE — HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD!


ON SILENT FEET, EYES DARTING HERE AND THERE, REDMASK ADVANCES ACROSS THE EMPTY SQUARE...

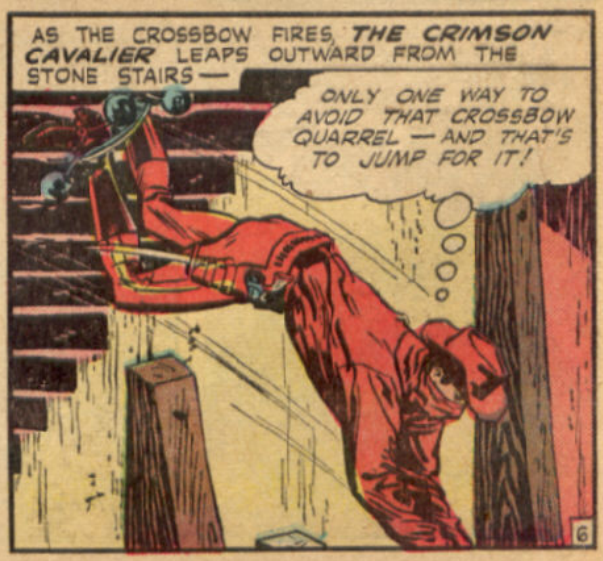

ABOVE HIM, IN A ROOM FITTED WITH WEAPONS FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE WORLD— STANDS THE MAN WITH THE FACE OF DEATH!
I HAVE ONE OF EVERY WEAPON EVER USED BY MAN! WHICH SHALL I USE TO KILL REDMASK?

THIS ZULU ASSEGAI— A THROWING SPEAR— WILL BE MY FIRST CHOICE!

THAT WAS CLOSE!

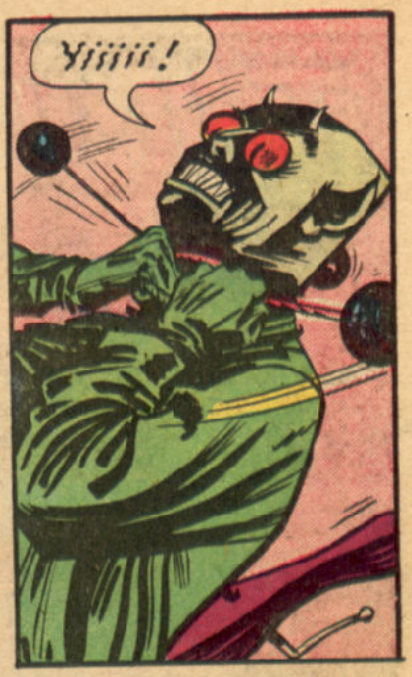
A SOUTH AMERICAN BOLO TWINES ABOUT HIS ANKLES...
MY LEGS— CAUGHT TIGHT! CAN'T MOVE— AND HE'S GOING TO SHOOT A CROSSBOW BOLT AT ME!

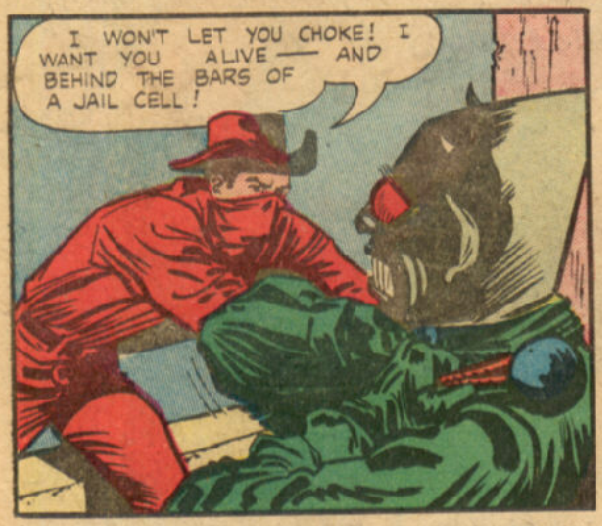
I HAVE HIM— RIGHT WHERE I WANT HIM!

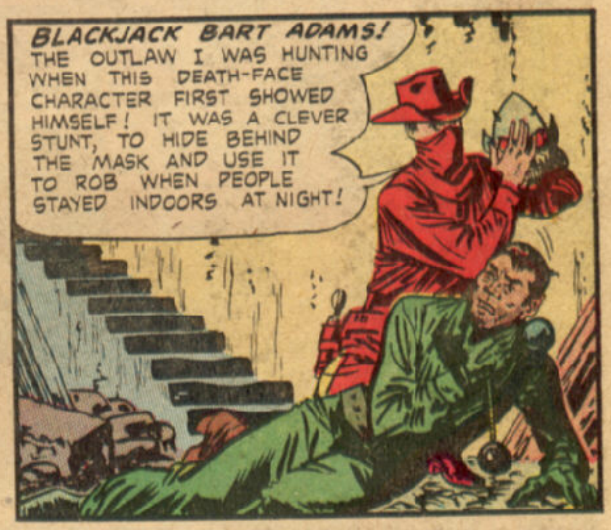

AS THE CROSSBOW FIRES, THE CRIMSON CAVALIER LEAPS OUTWARD FROM THE STONE STAIRS—
ONLY ONE WAY TO AVOID THAT CROSSBOW QUARREL — AND THAT'S TO JUMP FOR IT!

BUT I WON'T JUMP FAR! JUST TO THIS BEAM! NOW, WHEN MY FRIEND, THE FACE OF DEATH, SHOWS HIMSELF—

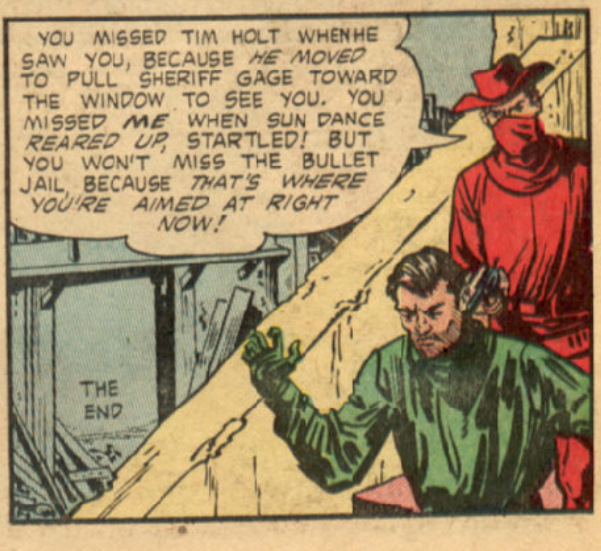
—HE'S GOING TO GET A SURPRISE!


Yiiiii!


I WON'T LET YOU CHOKE! I WANT YOU ALIVE — AND BEHIND THE BARS OF A JAIL CELL!


BLACKJACK BART ADAMS! THE OUTLAW I WAS HUNTING WHEN THIS DEATH-FACE CHARACTER FIRST SHOWED HIMSELF! IT WAS A CLEVER STUNT, TO HIDE BEHIND THE MASK AND USE IT TO ROB WHEN PEOPLE STAYED INDOORS AT NIGHT!

YOU USED ONE OF YOUR FANCY WEAPONS— A BLOWGUN! — TO INJECT YOUR VICTIMS WITH A POISONED NEEDLE! IN THEIR FEAR, THEY NEVER FELT IT! A SLOW-ACTING POISON WAS ON THAT NEEDLE, KILLING THEM SOME DAYS AFTER THEY FIRST SAW YOU. THAT DELAY ADDED TO THE LEGEND OF FEAR ABOUT THE DEATH-FACE, FOR PEOPLE BLAMED THE MERE SIGHT OF THE FACE —AND NOT THE POISON — FOR THE DEATHS!

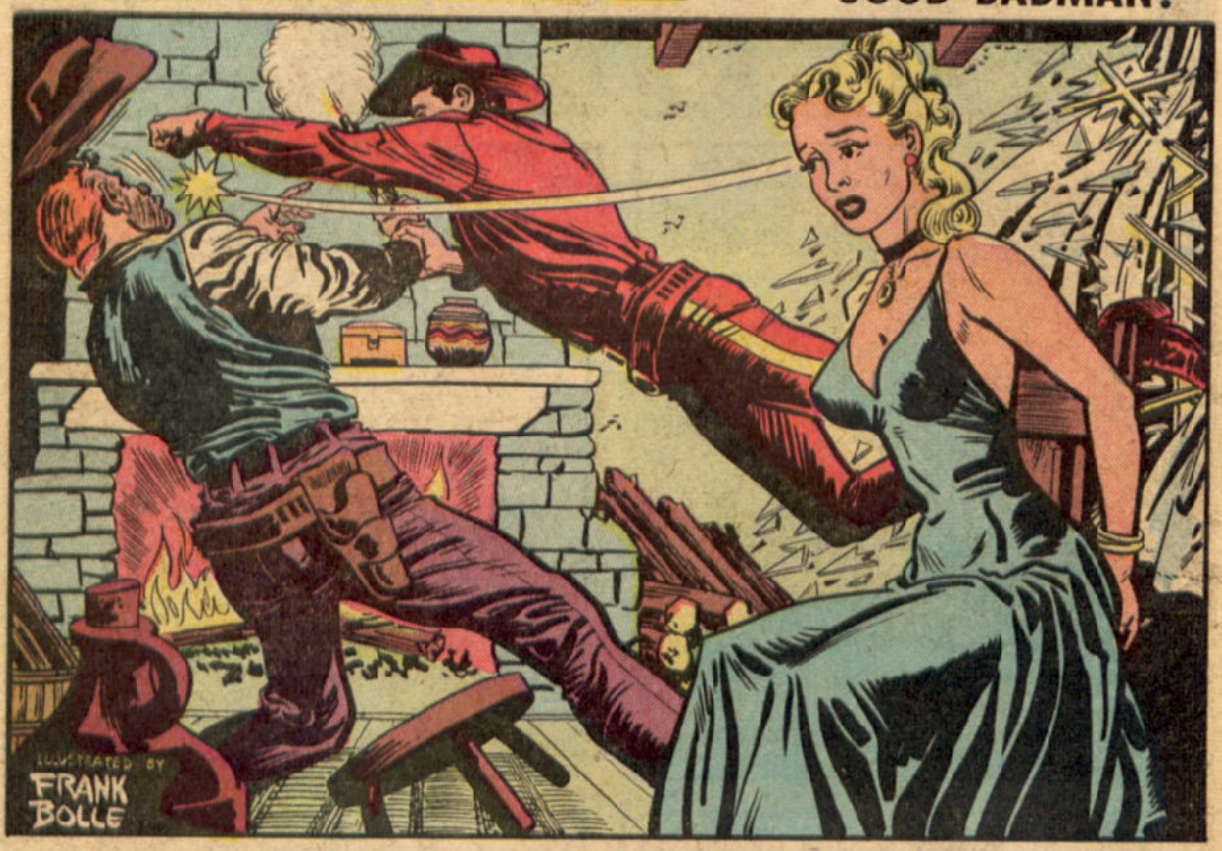

YOU MISSED TIM HOLT WHEN HE SAW YOU, BECAUSE HE MOVED TO PULL SHERIFF GAGE TOWARD THE WINDOW TO SEE YOU. YOU MISSED ME WHEN SUN DANCE REARED UP, STARTLED! BUT YOU WON'T MISS THE BULLET JAIL, BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE AIMED AT RIGHT NOW!
THE END

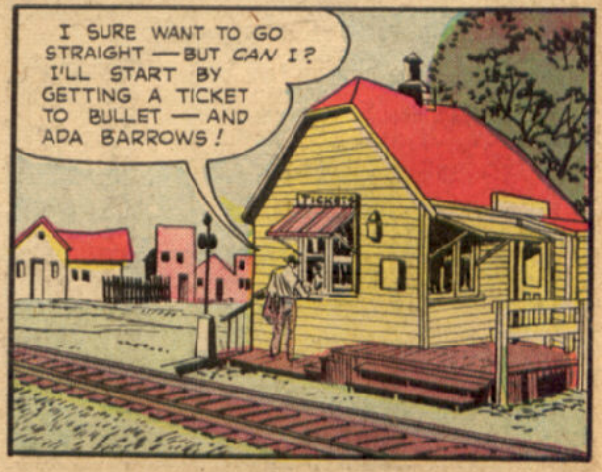
TIM HOLT

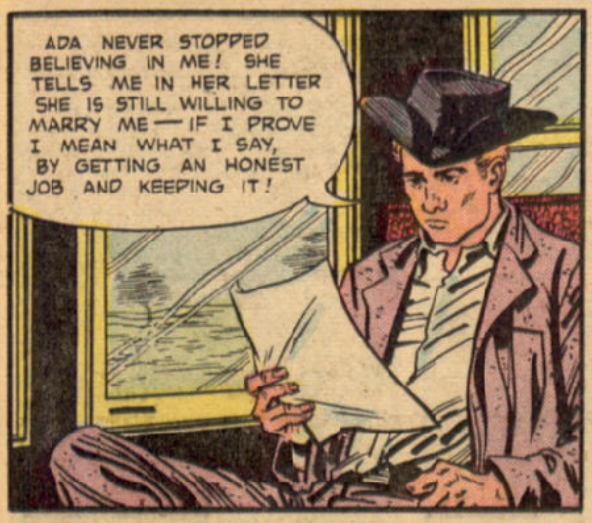
OUTLAW JIM MINOR WANTED TO GO STRAIGHT... BUT DESTINY WAS TO PLAY A TRICK ON HIM! FOR IF HE GOES STRAIGHT— THE WOMAN HE LOVES **DIES!** AND IF HE GOES BACK TO BEING AN OUTLAW— —REDMASK WILL PUT HIM IN JAIL!

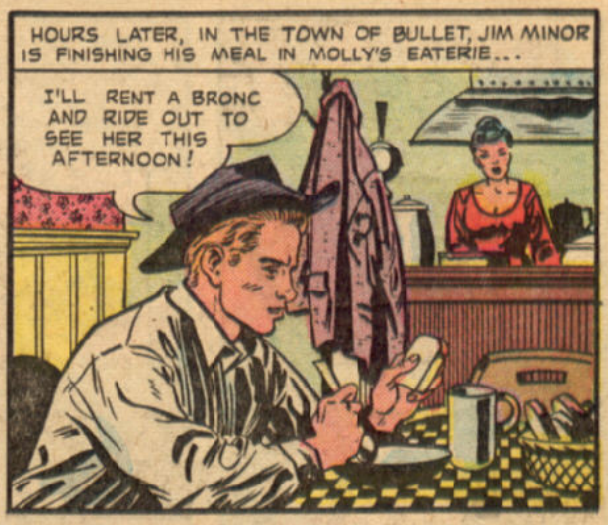
THERE SEEMS NO SOLUTION TO THIS IMPOSSIBLE DILEMMA, UNTIL REDMASK TAKES UP THE TRAIL OF —

"THE GOOD BADMAN!"






ADA NEVER STOPPED BELIEVING IN ME! SHE TELLS ME IN HER LETTER SHE IS STILL WILLING TO MARRY ME — IF I PROVE I MEAN WHAT I SAY, BY GETTING AN HONEST JOB AND KEEPING IT!


HOURS LATER, IN THE TOWN OF BULLET, JIM MINOR IS FINISHING HIS MEAL IN MOLLY'S EATERIE...
I'LL RENT A BRONC AND RIDE OUT TO SEE HER THIS AFTERNOON!

WHEN, AT THAT MOMENT, A BLOCK AWAY, AT THE LOCAL BANK—
FREEZE UNTIL WE GET ON THE STREET! SAVVY?
BANK $

HERE COME SHERIFF— AND DEPUTY— TIM HOLT!

THEY'LL GET AWAY, TIM!
HERE THEY COME NOW!

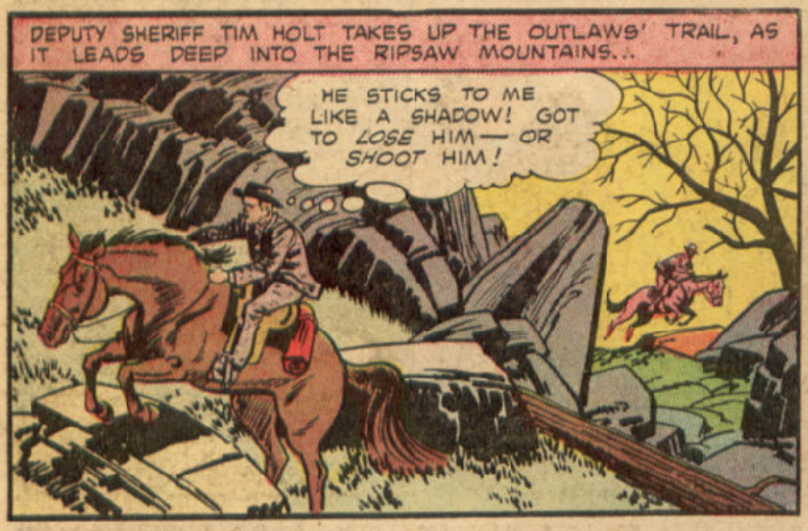
THE CRACK OF SIXGUNS BRINGS JIM MINOR FROM THE RESTAURANT, GUN IN HAND—
A BANK HOLDUP! I CAN HELP CAPTURE THOSE BANDITS—AND GET GOING ON THE RIGHT FOOT! THIS WILL CONVINCE ADA I MEAN BUSINESS!

THERE'S ONE OF THEIR CONFEDERATES NOW, TIM! I RECOGNIZE HIM— JIM MINOR! HE'S HELPING THEM GET AWAY BY FIRING AT US!
NO! NO! THAT'S NOT SO!

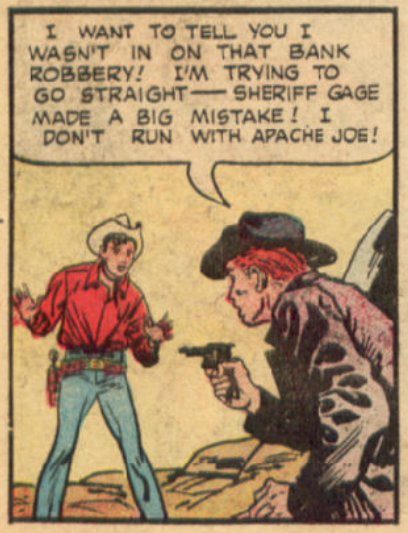
STOP SHOOTING AT ME! I'M JUST OUT OF JAIL— I'M NOT ONE OF THEM! STOP SHOOTING!

GOT TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT! THAT SHERIFF WON'T LISTEN TO REASON! IF I STAY HERE, I'LL GO DOWN WITH ONE OF HIS SLUGS IN ME!

POUNDING HOOFS RAISE DUST OUT OF TOWN...
THERE HE GOES, FOGGIN' DUST! GO AFTER HIM, TIM! AT LEAST WE'LL CAPTURE ONE OF THAT APACHE JOE GANG, AND MEBBE LEARN WHERE THE OTHERS ARE HOLED UP!


DEPUTY SHERIFF TIM HOLT TAKES UP THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL, AS IT LEADS DEEP INTO THE RIPSAW MOUNTAINS...
HE STICKS TO ME LIKE A SHADOW! GOT TO LOSE HIM— OR SHOOT HIM!

FREEZE, HOMBRE! I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT— SO DON'T MAKE ME!


I WANT TO TELL YOU I WASN'T IN ON THAT BANK ROBBERY! I'M TRYING TO GO STRAIGHT— SHERIFF GAGE MADE A BIG MISTAKE! I DON'T RUN WITH APACHE JOE!

AFTER JIM MINOR POURS OUT HIS STORY IN A BITTER VOICE—
I BELIEVE YOU, MINOR! MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU PUT YOUR PAST FOREVER IN BACK OF YOU, TOO! I HAVE A PLAN IN MIND, SO LISTEN CLOSELY...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, UNDER THE PINE TREES OF THE RIPSAWS...
EASY, GENTS! I'M PEACEFUL. JUST WANT TO JOIN YOUR GANG!

JIM MINOR TELLS HIS STORY, OMITTING ONLY HIS TALK WITH TIM HOLT...
I FIGURE IF THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT ME FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO, I'LL GIVE 'EM A REAL REASON FOR POTSHOOTING ME!
SO SHERIFF THEENK YOU ARE ONE OF US? MEBBESO YOU TELL TRUTH! MEBBE NOT!

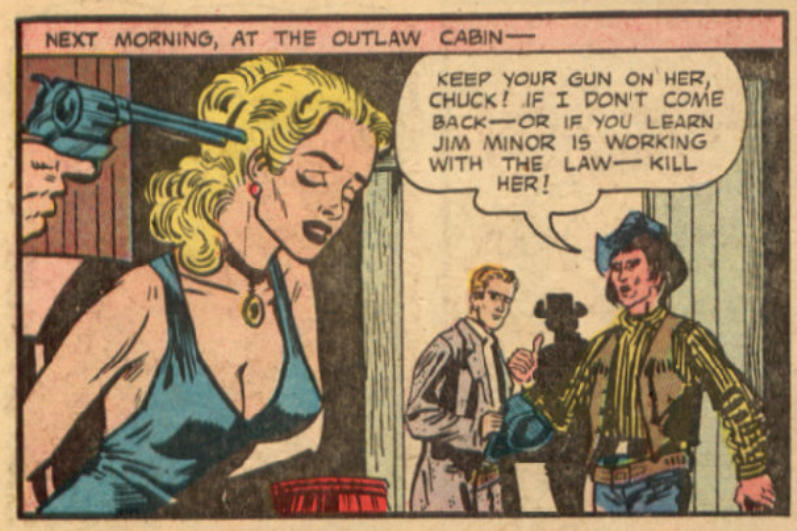
APACHE JOE KNOW GOOD WAY TO MAKE SURE YOU SPEAK TRUTH! MAKE SURE YOU NO PLAY TRICK! CHUCK, FORK BRONCO, PRONTO! GOTTUM LITTLE JOB FOR YOU!

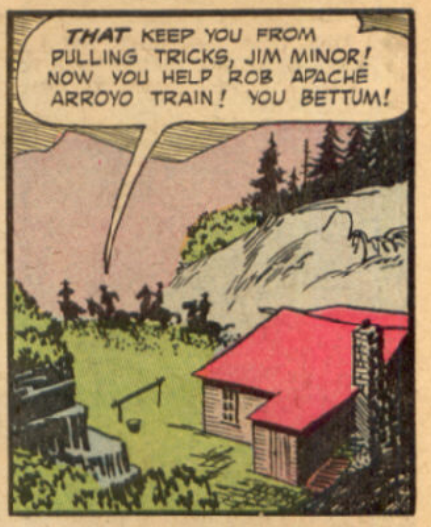
THAT NIGHT, AT THE OUTLAWS' CABIN HIDEOUT—
ADA!

SURE, ADA! ME HAVE CHUCK BRING HER HERE! I KILL HER IF YOU PLAY TRICK ON APACHE JOE! YOU NOT PLAY TRICK, NOT HELP LAWMEN CATCH US, SHE SAFE!

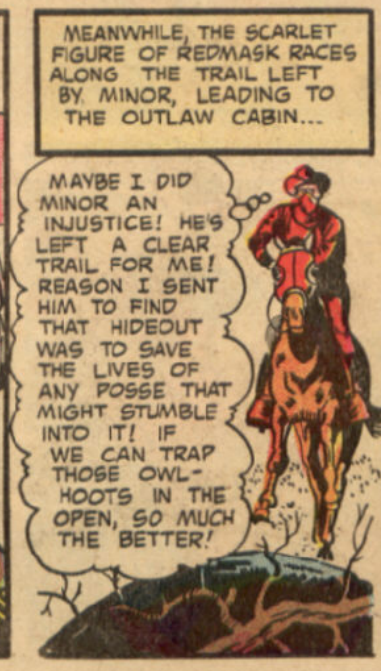
MEANWHILE, ON A LONELY ROCK SLOPE OF THE RIPSAWS, THE HOURS PASS SLOWLY. THE MOON RISES AND THEN LOWERS, AND DAWN APPROACHES...
MINOR WAS TO FIND OUT THE OUTLAW HIDEOUT, AND SEND ME WORD AS TO THE NEXT JOB THEY'RE TO PULL! HE DIDN'T! I RECKON THAT WAS JUST A "SOB STORY" HE TOLD ME TO GET FREE OF ME!

I WAS A FOOL TO BELIEVE HIM! I'LL GO AFTER HIM AS REDMASK. NEITHER HE NOR THE OUTLAWS WILL SUSPECT I KNOW ABOUT HIS DOUBLE-CROSSING TIM HOLT!


NEXT MORNING, AT THE OUTLAW CABIN—
KEEP YOUR GUN ON HER, CHUCK! IF I DON'T COME BACK—OR IF YOU LEARN JIM MINOR IS WORKING WITH THE LAW— KILL HER!


THAT KEEP YOU FROM PULLING TRICKS, JIM MINOR! NOW YOU HELP ROB APACHE ARROYO TRAIN! YOU BETTUM!

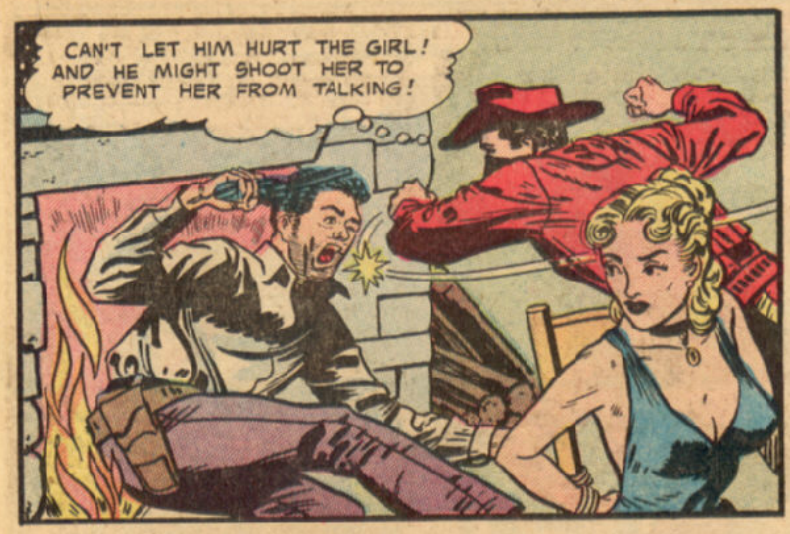
AT GUNSHOT BEND, ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACKS, THE OUTLAW BAND SETTLES DOWN TO WAIT FOR THE TRAIN...
NOTHING I CAN DO NOW! ONCE AN OUTLAW— ALWAYS AN OUTLAW!


MEANWHILE, THE SCARLET FIGURE OF REDMASK RACES ALONG THE TRAIL LEFT BY MINOR, LEADING TO THE OUTLAW CABIN...
MAYBE I DID MINOR AN INJUSTICE! HE'S LEFT A CLEAR TRAIL FOR ME! REASON I SENT HIM TO FIND THAT HIDEOUT WAS TO SAVE THE LIVES OF ANY POSSE THAT MIGHT STUMBLE INTO IT! IF WE CAN TRAP THOSE OWL-HOOTS IN THE OPEN, SO MUCH THE BETTER!

A CABIN! DON'T SEE ANY BRONCS AROUND! THEY MIGHT BE OUT RAIDING NOW. BUT— WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MINOR?

ADA BARROWS —A PRISONER! SO THAT'S IT! APACHE JOE FORCED MINOR'S HAND BY KIDNAPPING THE GIRL HE LOVES!

MAYBE MINOR COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THIS SET-UP— BUT REDMASK CAN!
HUH?


CAN'T LET HIM HURT THE GIRL! AND HE MIGHT SHOOT HER TO PREVENT HER FROM TALKING!

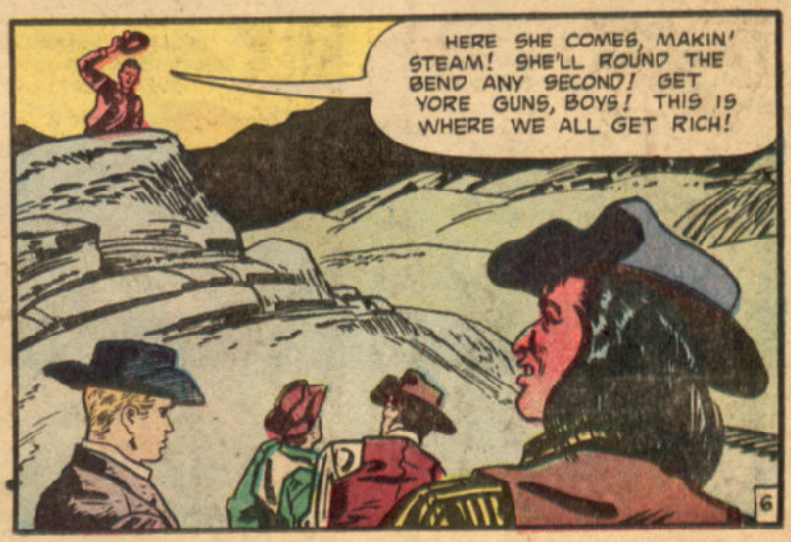
GNNNGGG!

BLAMMM!

UGGGH!

CLIMB ONTO YOUR FEET! I'M GOING TO FREE ADA—AND IF YOU MAKE A FALSE MOVE, I'LL BLOW YOU IN HALF!
I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!

SOME HOURS LATER AT GUNSHOT BEND...
DON'T UNDERSTAND UM! TRAIN PLENTY LATE!
AHH, THE TRAINS OUT THIS WAY ARE ALWAYS LATE. SHE'LL BE ALONG SOON...


HERE SHE COMES, MAKIN' STEAM! SHE'LL ROUND THE BEND ANY SECOND! GET YORE GUNS, BOYS! THIS IS WHERE WE ALL GET RICH!

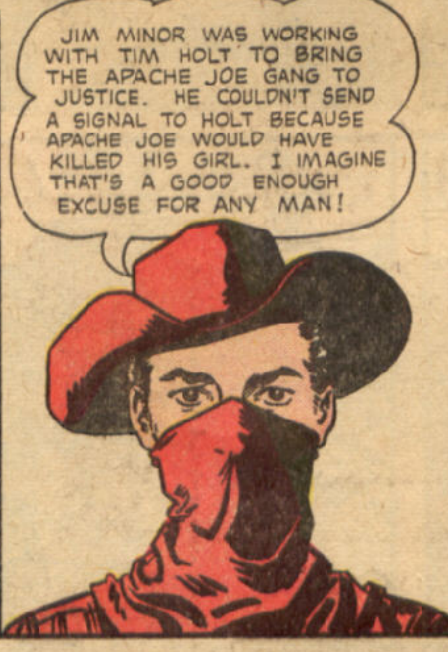
AS THE APACHE ARROYO LIMITED APPROACHES THE LOGS PILED ON THE TRACKS, IT CHUGS TO A HALT. OUTLAW GUNS COME OUT—
I'LL TAKE THE BAGGAGE-CAR!
JIM AND ME WILL HANDLE THE PASSENGERS!

SUDDENLY THE WINDOWS GO UP! A SCORE OF WINCHESTERS AND COLTS THRUST OUT, FIRING...
THERE'S A WHOLE POSSE INSIDE!

YES—A POSSE I SIGNALLED SHERIFF GAGE TO PUT ON THE TRAIN AS IT STOPPED FOR WATER BELOW DEAD MAN'S CREEK!

ADA BARROWS TOLD ME HOW YOU KIDNAPPED HER, JOE— TO HOLD HER OVER JIM MINOR'S HEAD, AND FORCE HIM TO GO THROUGH WITH HIS BLUFF OF BECOMING AN OWLHOOT AGAIN!

HOLD IT, SHERIFF! JIM MINOR'S INNOCENT. ADA TOLD ME EVERYTHING. YOU DID HIM AN INJUSTICE. HE'S NO MORE OF A BANK-ROBBER THAN I AM!
IF YOU SAYS HE'S GONE STRAIGHT, REDMASK, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!


JIM MINOR WAS WORKING WITH TIM HOLT TO BRING THE APACHE JOE GANG TO JUSTICE. HE COULDN'T SEND A SIGNAL TO HOLT BECAUSE APACHE JOE WOULD HAVE KILLED HIS GIRL. I IMAGINE THAT'S A GOOD ENOUGH EXCUSE FOR ANY MAN!

LATER—
YOU HAVE A LIFE-LONG JOB ON MY T-BAR-H RANCH, JIM!
GUESS I'VE FINALLY MANAGED TO GET ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH!
AND HE'LL STAY ON IT TOO— BECAUSE AS HIS WIFE, I'LL SEE TO IT!
THE END

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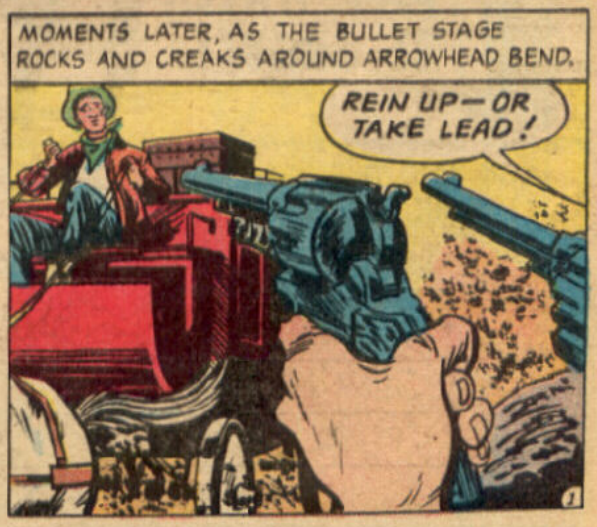
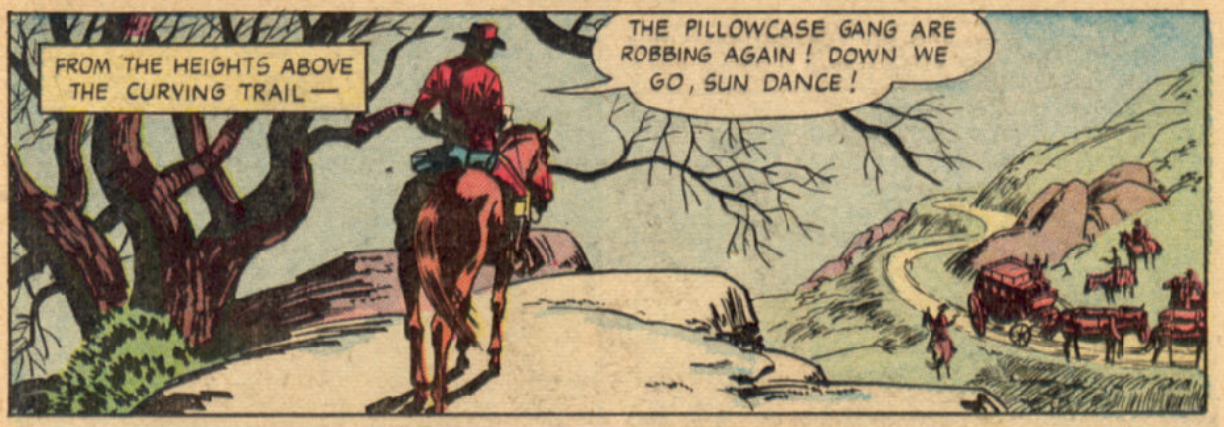
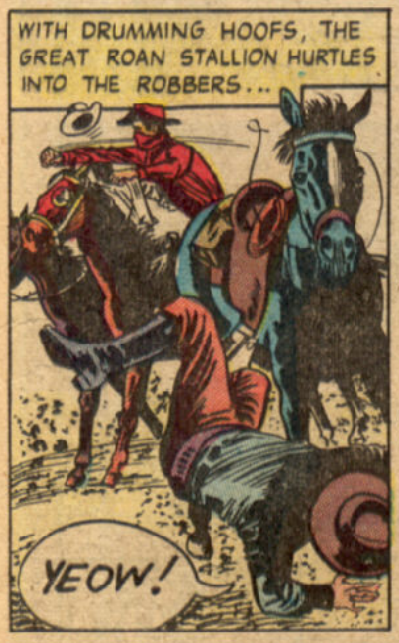
TIM HOLT

WHEN *REDMASK* FALLS VICTIM TO A MASKED BAND OF OUTLAWS, HE NOT ONLY LOSES HIS PRISONERS BUT HIS *MEMORY* AS WELL! AND WHEN A NUMBER OF FALSE REDMASKS APPEAR IN BULLET, LOOTING AND ROBBING, THE REAL REDMASK DISCOVERS THAT HE IS BLAMED FOR IT! BUT THERE SEEMS NOTHING HE CAN DO, FOR HE IS— *"THE MAN WHO LOST YESTERDAY!"*

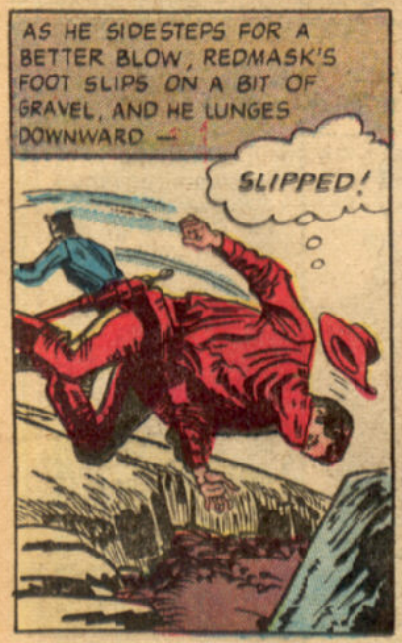



FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE CURVING TRAIL —
THE PILLOWCASE GANG ARE ROBBING AGAIN! DOWN WE GO, SUN DANCE!


WITH DRUMMING HOOFS, THE GREAT ROAN STALLION HURTLES INTO THE ROBBERS...
YEOW!

THIS IS THE KIND OF *PILLOW-FIGHT* I LIKE.

I DON'T HAVE TO SEE YOUR FACE TO CONNECT WITH YOUR JAW!


AS HE SIDESTEPS FOR A BETTER BLOW, REDMASK'S FOOT SLIPS ON A BIT OF GRAVEL, AND HE LUNGES DOWNWARD —
SLIPPED!

CRACK

TAKING NO CHANCHES, EVEN WITH AN *UNCONSCIOUS* REDMASK, THE OUTLAWS TAKE OFF...!

HIGH INTO THE HILLS FLEE THE PILLOWCASE GANG, UNTIL ONE OF THEM REINS IN WITH A CRY—
LOOK! A CAVE! A PERFECT PLACE TO HIDE OUR LOOT—AND HIDE FROM ANY POSSE THAT MIGHT COME LOOKING FOR US!

HUH! A DWARF! SAY, I KNOW WHAT THIS CAVE IS!
SO DO I!

THIS IS THE SECRET CAVE OF REDMASK!

REDMASK USES THESE SCIENTIFIC THINGS TO CATCH CROOKS! I GOT AN IDEA... WE'RE GOING TO USE THEM TO ROB!

RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, WE'RE GOING TO WAIT FOR HIM TO RETURN HERE! SOON AS HE STEPS THROUGH THE CAVE DOOR, WE'LL BLAST HIM DOWN! THEN EVERYTHING THAT BELONGS TO HIM—WILL BE OURS!

MEANWHILE—
WH-WHERE AM I? AND-AND WHO AM I? I CAN'T RE-MEMBER A THING! THESE RED CLOTHES... THIS RED MASK ON MY FACE!

MAYBE I'M AN OUTLAW—WANTED BY THE LAW! THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY I WEAR A MASK! MAYBE THERE'S A POSSE OUT LOOKING FOR ME—RIGHT NOW!

I'LL RIDE OFF AND LOSE MYSELF. HIDE IN THE HILLS, SO NOBODY CAN FIND ME.

TIRED FROM THEIR LONG WAIT, THE PILLOWCASE GANG RELAXES AND SEARCHES THE CAVE...
RECKON THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD KILLED HIM. SURE LOOKS LIKE HE AIN'T COMING BACK!
LOOK WHAT I FOUND! LOTS OF THESE RED-MASK COSTUMES!

WE CAN PUT THEM ON—AND ROB AS REDMASK!
WHAT A JOKE! THEY'RE EVEN BETTER DISGUISES THAN THESE BLACK-DYED PILLOWCASES WE WEAR!

THAT NIGHT, IN BULLET—
THIS JAR CONTAINS SMUDGE POWDER! IT FORMS A THICK BLACK SMOKE PALL!

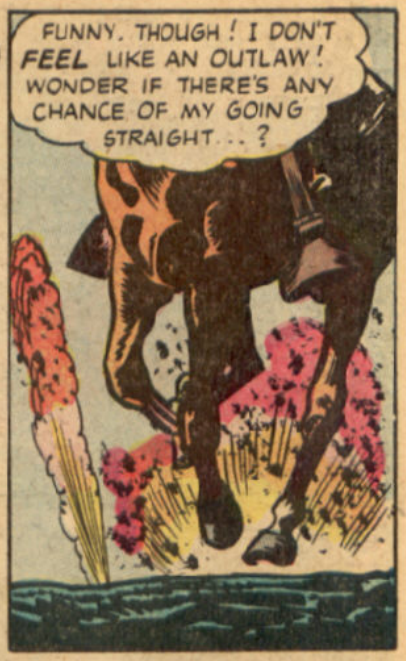
NOBODY CAN SEE US IN THIS FOG! SO NOBODY WILL SHOOT TO HURT US!

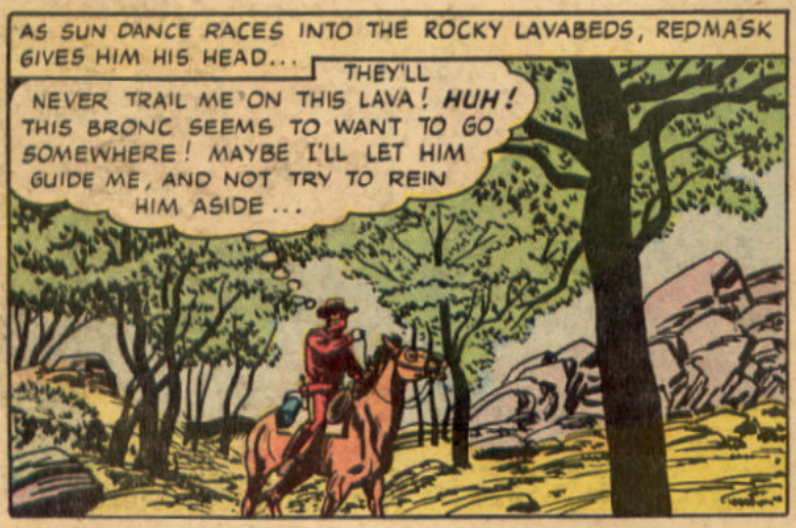
LIKE PHANTOMS, THE GANG ROBS THE BULLET BANK AND FLEES THROUGH THE SMOKE SCREEN!
SCIENCE SURE IS A GREAT THING!

BEHIND THEM, A POSSE FORMS TO FOLLOW THE DARING BANDITS...
THEY CAN'T CARRY THAT SMOKE SCREEN WITH THEM ALL THE TIME!
COME ON, BOYS! THEY'LL LEAVE TRACKS! WON'T BE LONG 'FORE WE RUN 'EM DOWN!

HOURS LATER, TOWARD DAWN, THE PURSUING POSSE SIGHTS THE REAL REDMASK —
SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT ME!

GUESS I WAS RIGHT! I AM AN OUTLAW! LET'S GO, BRONC!


FUNNY, THOUGH! I DON'T FEEL LIKE AN OUTLAW! WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF MY GOING STRAIGHT...?


AS SUN DANCE RACES INTO THE ROCKY LAVABEDS, REDMASK GIVES HIM HIS HEAD...
THEY'LL NEVER TRAIL ME ON THIS LAVA! HUH! THIS BRONC SEEMS TO WANT TO GO SOMEWHERE! MAYBE I'LL LET HIM GUIDE ME, AND NOT TRY TO REIN HIM ASIDE...

SO IT IS THAT SUN DANCE BRINGS HIS MASTER, WHO HAS FORGOTTEN IT — TO HIS SECRET CAVE.
GUESS I'M SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!

...AND INTO A ROOM FILLED WITH OTHER REDMASKS.
HUH??

HOLD EVERYTHING, BOYS! THERE'S ONE MORE OF US HERE THAN BELONGS! EVERYBODY — MASKS OFF! WE'LL FIND THE IMPOSTER THAT WAY, AND WHEN WE DO — KILL HIM!

THERE HE IS! THE REAL REDMASK! GET HIM!

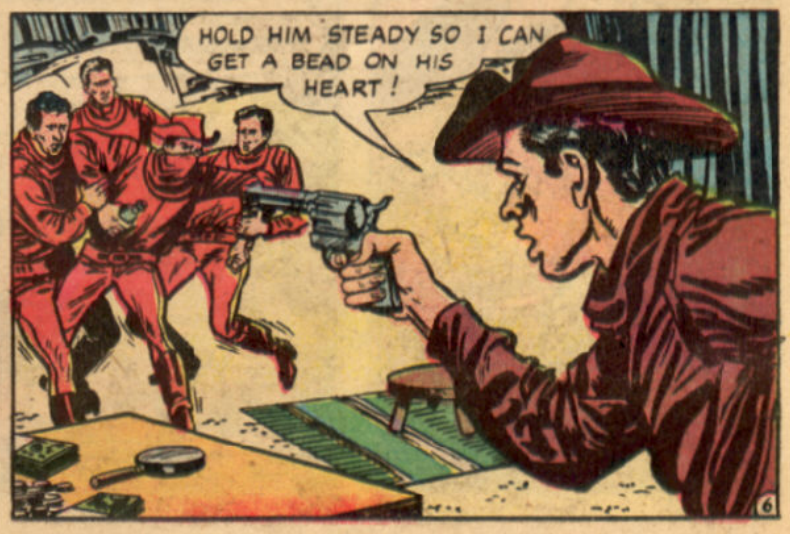
I THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF THEIR GANG, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF THEY—SORT OF RESENT ME!

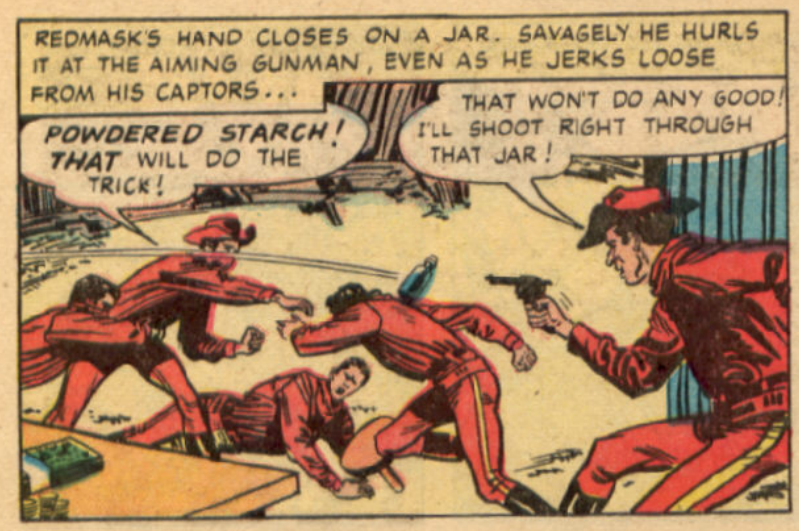
TOO MANY OF THEM! CAN'T DO ANYTHING...UNLESS I GET SOME HELP..! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING ON THOSE SHELVES THAT WILL HELP ME!

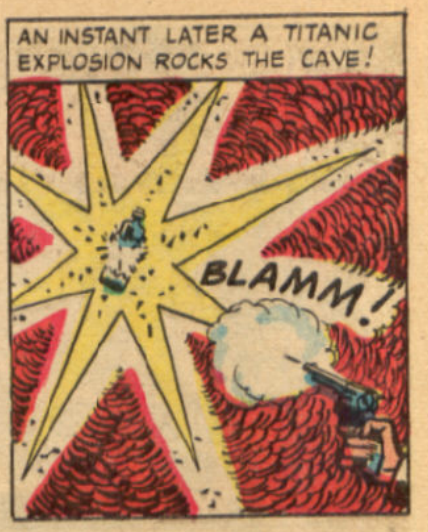
IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT THIS SNEEZING POWDER WILL THROW THEM OFF STRIDE...

SNEEZING, THEIR EYES BLINDED BY THE STINGING POWDER, THE FALSE REDMASKS REEL HELPLESSLY...
AHHH—CHOOO!
LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FIND SOMETHING BETTER!
COFF! COFF! COFF!

BUT SNEEZING POWDER IS NO WEAPON TO USE AGAINST DESPERATE GUNMEN!
NO USE! CAN'T FIND WHAT I NEED! WISH I KNEW WHERE WHOEVER OWNS THIS PLACE KEEPS THINGS!


HOLD HIM STEADY SO I CAN GET A BEAD ON HIS HEART!


REDMASK'S HAND CLOSES ON A JAR. SAVAGELY HE HURLS IT AT THE AIMING GUNMAN, EVEN AS HE JERKS LOOSE FROM HIS CAPTORS...
POWDERED STARCH! THAT WILL DO THE TRICK!
THAT WON'T DO ANY GOOD! I'LL SHOOT RIGHT THROUGH THAT JAR!

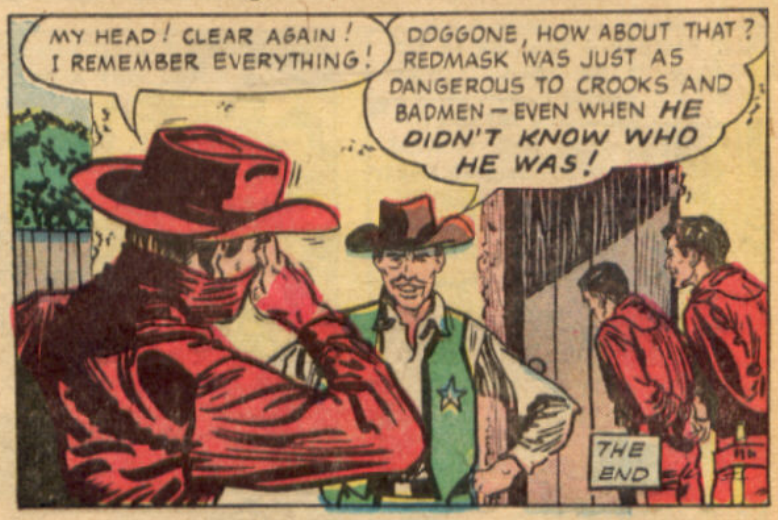

AN INSTANT LATER A TITANIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE CAVE!
BLAMM!

HAD TO GET FREE OF THEM AND SEEK SHELTER UNDER A TABLE – BECAUSE POWDERED STARCH EXPLODES VIOLENTLY WHEN LIGHTED! HIS BULLET SET IT OFF WHEN IT WENT THROUGH IT!

LATER, THAT SAME DAY, IN BULLET...
YOUR POSSE CHASED ME FOR A ROBBERY THESE MEN COMMITTED. I WANT TO GO STRAIGHT, SO IF THIS WILL HELP YOU...
GO STRAIGHT? REDMASK, YOU'RE AS HONEST AS I AM! RECKON YOU'VE DONE LOST YOUR MEMORY!
JAIL

BUT WE'LL GET THAT MEMORY BACK SOMEHOW. YOU WATCH!
SLAPP!

THUDD!


MY HEAD! CLEAR AGAIN! I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!
DOGGONE, HOW ABOUT THAT? REDMASK WAS JUST AS DANGEROUS TO CROOKS AND BADMEN – EVEN WHEN HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS!
THE END

REDMASK'S CAVE

Dear Readers,

Your editors and Redmask himself are glad you like this new feature of Tim Holt magazine. Keep the questions coming and if you don't have a question — write anyway.

Dear Redmask,

I am a boy ten years of age. When I grow up, I want to be a horse rider. I was wondering if there are any books you can recommend to me that might show me anything about riding that deals only with the west.

Douglas Calvin Lambert
McLeansboro, Illinois

Dear Doug,

There are no books dealing with this topic exclusively. However, certain books might prove instructive to you, for they discuss the western manner of riding and the types of horses encountered. Will James' Flint Spears: the story of a rodeo contestant has many interesting nuggets for you to dig out and make use of. The Cowboy, by Philip Ashton Rollins, tells you plenty about western type saddles and bridles, and certain chapters headed "Saddles", "Live Stock", and "Breaking Horses" ought to be most instructive. If you care to buy "The Cowboy", it was published by Scribners, and the 3rd revised edition was issued in 1936. In A Treasury of Western Folklore, you will also find interesting articles on catching wild horses, and famous wild horses that have become legendary in the land of the cactus. I hope you'll find these books rewarding.

Redmask

* * *

Dear Redmask,

What is meant by the term "earing down"?

Alice Phillips
Mobile, Alabama

Dear Alice,

When the old time cowboys wanted to mount a bucking bronco in the open, one of them had to grab its ears and hold on, to keep its head down and give the wrangler a chance to get into the saddle. This is what is meant by "earing down". Today, bucking broncos at rodeos and at big ranches are mounted in chutes.

Redmask

* * *

Dear Redmask,

What is meant by the term "chute branding"?

Jim Bannigan
Lynbrook, New York

Dear Jim,

"Chute-branding" is that method of branding cattle which is employed by some big ranches instead of the old, slower method of roping the steers, dropping and holding them while an iron is pressed to their flanks. In chute-branding, the cattle are driven through narrow pens, or chutes, and branders, standing outside the slatted fences, thrust their red-hot brands through openings onto the hide of the steer. Inasmuch as a steady stream of cattle can be fed through the chutes, much in the fashion of an assembly line, this form of branding is popular with the big cow outfits. However, certain old timers only scoff at it.

Redmask

* * *

Dear Redmask,

What is a "land schooner"? Did it have any connection with a "prairie schooner," the covered wagon?

Happy Moore
Duluth, Minnesota

Dear Happy,

The "land schooner" is connected with the prairie schooner, but was not nearly as popular. A man named Gail Borden, hoping to win riches as fast as he could, attached masts and sails to the chassis of the covered wagons — figuring that the wind would blow the wagons westward across the prairies — and so do away with the need and expense of horses and oxen. Unfortunately, these "land schooners" never seemed to work any too well. It took a pretty strong wind to push those wagons, and gales and windstorms were infrequent. However, the "land schooner" is a colorful paragraph in the history of westiana.

Redmask

* * *

Dear Redmask,

People in the East know about the blizzard of 1888, but did that blizzard extend westward? I seem to recall something about a big snowstorm out west that did a lot of damage. Was there such a big western blizzard?

Albert Harmon
Trenton, New Jersey

Dear Albert,

You bet there was a blizzard out west around that time! Did so much damage that old-timers still shudder, thinking about it! It got so cold that Arctic owls came down from northern Canada! This was the year 1886, however— two years before the '88 blizzard hit the east. It was 46 degrees below zero in Montana. In the latter part of January 1887, for 72 hours, the Big Blizzard blasted. The snow that had already fallen was as nothing compared to this. Hundreds of thousands of cattle died. Entire ranch families froze to death. Many men quit the cattle business after that storm, and never went back. Even today, the people of Montana and Wyoming talk of that blizzard in hushed voices. Yes, sir, when we folks see a few snow flurries, we should think back to those times — and what it must have meant to have whole families freeze to death in their homes because they couldn't get out for fuel to keep the fires going!

Redmask

* * *

Dear Redmask,

I have been reading quite a few issues of Tim Holt, and they are good comics. Your February and March issue is very good. I especially like your Cave of Redmask. Somebody asked what kind of rifle was used by the Seventh Cavalry in the Custer Massacre. In your answer, you said the Sioux used the Henry repeating rifle. I would like to know what calibre these rifles were made in. I would like to ask two more questions: the first is, do you know what calibre the gatling gun came in; the second question is, can you get me a picture, big or small but preferably life size and any information about the .45 Navy Colt? I will pay you for the information and picture. I would appreciate it very much.

Kermit Berger
(Age 13)
Souderton, Pa.

Dear Kermit,

You don't pay Redmask a red cent for this information. It is absolutely free to you readers! Just send in your questions and continue to keep up with Tim Holt's western adventures. That's payment enough!

And thanks for your kind words. Makes me feel real good!

Now to your queries. The gatling gun is the invention of Richard Jordan Gatling, an American inventor, who also invented a steam plow and a hemp-breaking machine among others. In 1861, when the Civil War began, he set about the invention of the gun that bears his name. In 1862, he had a gun that would fire 350 shots a minute. But the war was over—before the government got around to manufacturing them! The gatling gun fired a .44 cartridge. Some later versions fired a .303 cartridge.

The Navy Colt, 1851 model, can be seen in the book entitled Encyclopedia of American Hand Arms (page 85). We have no pictures of that Colt at the moment. The Navy Colt was a six-shot percussion model, .36 calibre, single action gun. It had a blued metal finish. The Navy Colt weighed two pounds, ten ounces. For further details of this fine hand gun, see the Encyclopedia at your local library.

You mention the Henry rifle. The Henry rifle used by the Sioux was the .44, made by Winchester, the 1866 model. Tyler Henry was its inventor.

Redmask

* * *

Dear Redmask,

I am a girl interested in the western Plains Indians. I have read somewhere that the Indians had very colorful names for our months of the year. Could you give me any names for the months, especially January, May and October?

Mary Jane Elwood
Tillamook, Oregon

Dear Mary Jane,

I'll be glad to furnish you with the Indian names for these months, translated into English. January was the Moon of Frost. May was the Moon of Shedding Ponies. October was the Moon of Changing Seasons. (For a bonus: December was the Moon of Cold-Exploding Trees, and February was the Moon of the Dark Red Calves.)

Redmask

* * *

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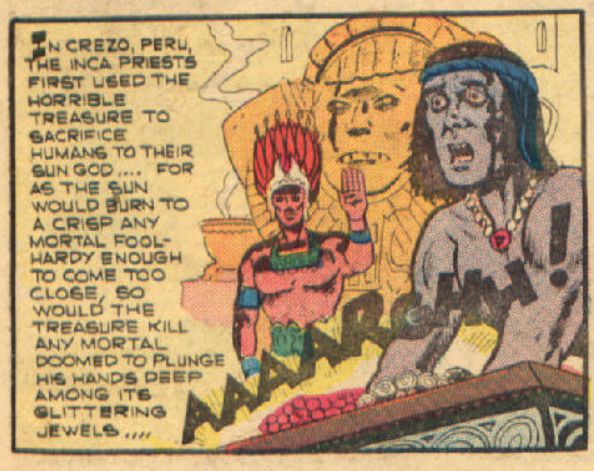
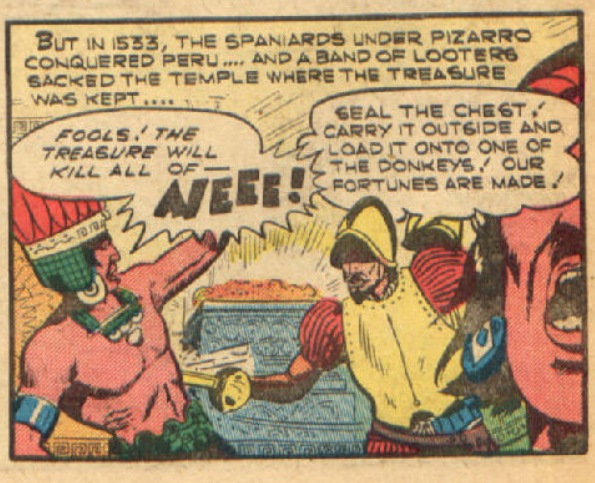
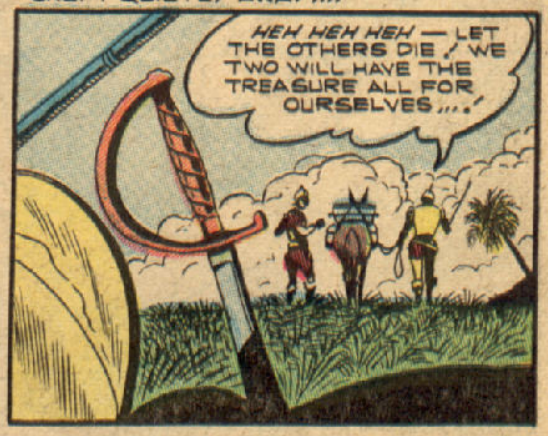
"TO TOUCH IS TO DIE!"



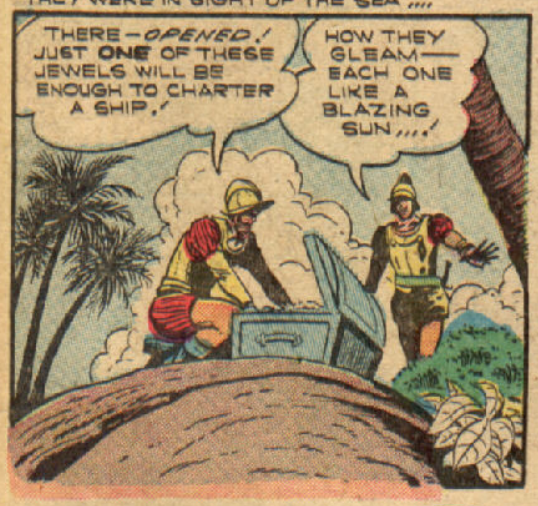


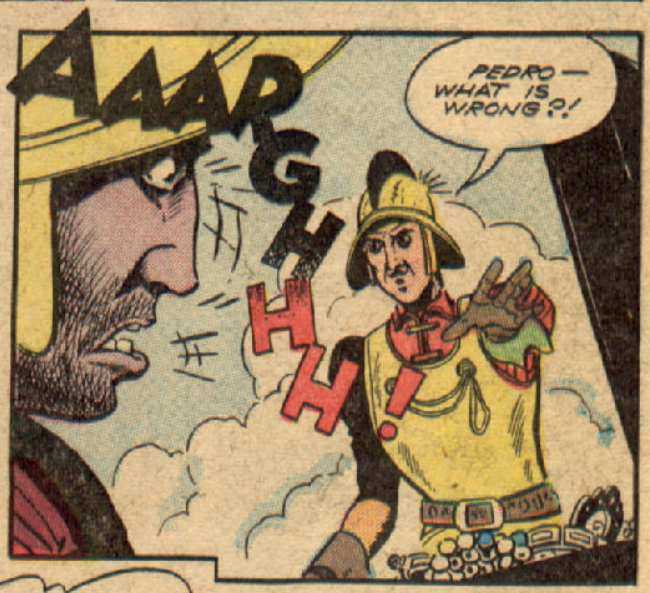
THE LOOTERS GET OFF WITH THEIR TREASURE FOR THE SEA. BUT THE INCA PRIESTS FOLLOWED....

THE BATTLE WAS FIERCE. MANY MEN DIED THAT DAY. BUT WHILE THE FIGHTING WAS STILL AT ITS HEIGHT, THE TWO SPANIARDS ASSIGNED TO STAY BY THE TREASURE CREPT QUIETLY AWAY....

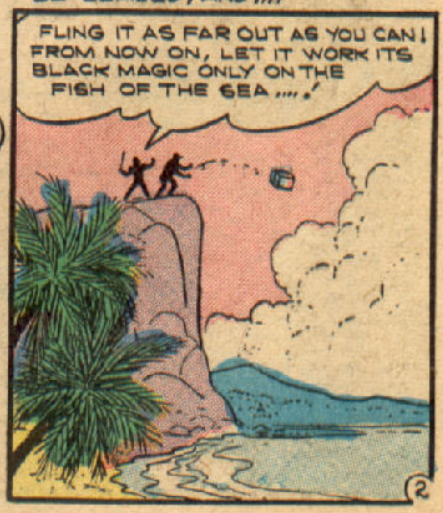


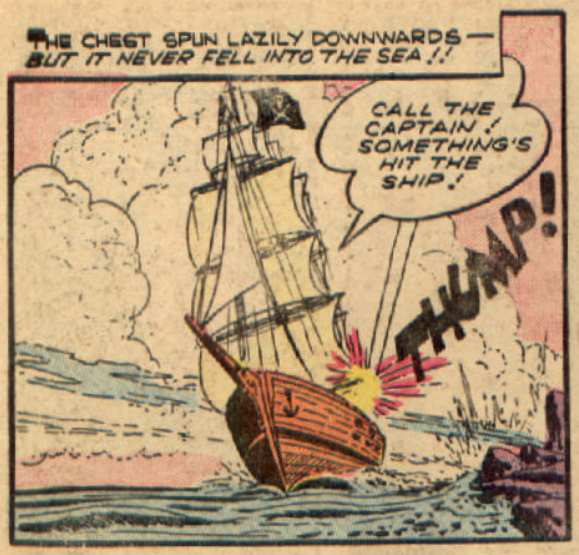
THE TWO TRAITORS TRAVELLED TILL AT LAST THEY WERE IN SIGHT OF THE SEA....

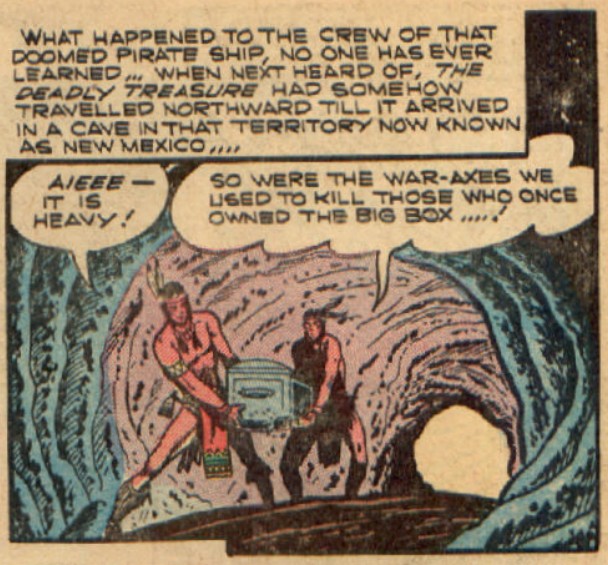




THE SPANISH CAPTAIN WAS A MAN OF ACTION WHO HAD A HEALTHY DISTASTE FOR DEATH. SO HE ORDERED THE CHEST TO BE SEALED, AND....

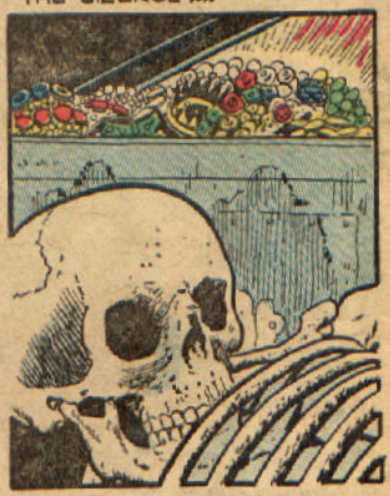


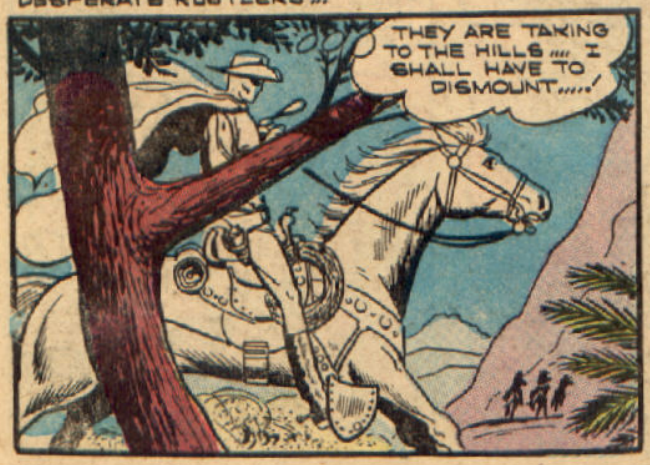

THE CHEST SPUN LAZILY DOWNWARDS — BUT IT NEVER FELL INTO THE SEA !!
CALL THE CAPTAIN ! SOMETHING'S HIT THE SHIP !
THUMP!


WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CREW OF THAT DOOMED PIRATE SHIP, NO ONE HAS EVER LEARNED ... WHEN NEXT HEARD OF, THE DEADLY TREASURE HAD SOMEHOW TRAVELLED NORTHWARD TILL IT ARRIVED IN A CAVE IN THAT TERRITORY NOW KNOWN AS NEW MEXICO ....
AIEEE — IT IS HEAVY !
SO WERE THE WAR-AXES WE USED TO KILL THOSE WHO ONCE OWNED THE BIG BOX .....!

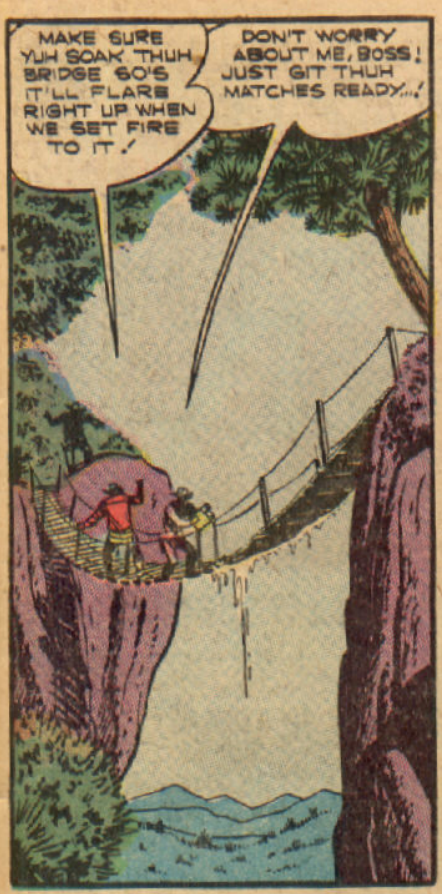
LET ME BE THE FIRST TO TOUCH THE GLEAMING STONES !
NO — WE FOUGHT FOR IT TOGETHER ! WE SHALL TOUCH THE TREASURE TOGETHER !

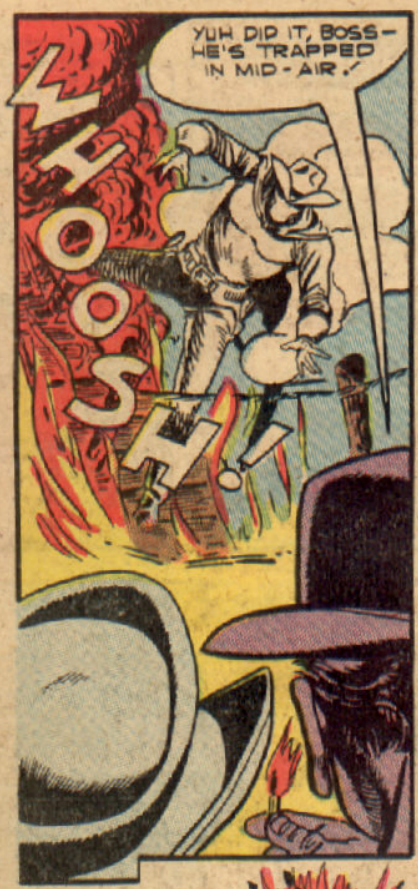
AND THEY DID....!
UGGH!
AAARGH!


THE YEARS PASSED SLOWLY... A LANDSLIDE SEALED THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE .... AND THE JEWELS LAY WAITING PATIENTLY IN THE GLOOM AND THE SILENCE ....


MORE THAN 300 YEARS HAVE PASSED... AND NOW, ON A STAR-STUDDED NIGHT IN NEW MEXICO, THE GHOST RIDER GRIMLY PURSUES A BAND OF DESPERATE RUSTLERS ...
THEY ARE TAKING TO THE HILLS .... I SHALL HAVE TO DISMOUNT.....!

THAR HE COMES, BOSS !
GOOD ! ONCE WE CROSS THUH ROPE BRIDGE UP AHAID, HE'LL FALL RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP.....!


MAKE SURE YUH SOAK THUH BRIDGE 60'S IT'LL FLARE RIGHT UP WHEN WE SET FIRE TO IT.!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BOSS! JUST GIT THUH MATCHES READY...!


YUH DID IT, BOSS— HE'S TRAPPED IN MID-AIR.!
WHOOSH!

WHEW— THAT WAS CLOSE.! LUCKY I SMELLED THE TURPENTINE, AND DECIDED TO LASSO THE TREE BACK HERE JUST IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE BRIDGE...!

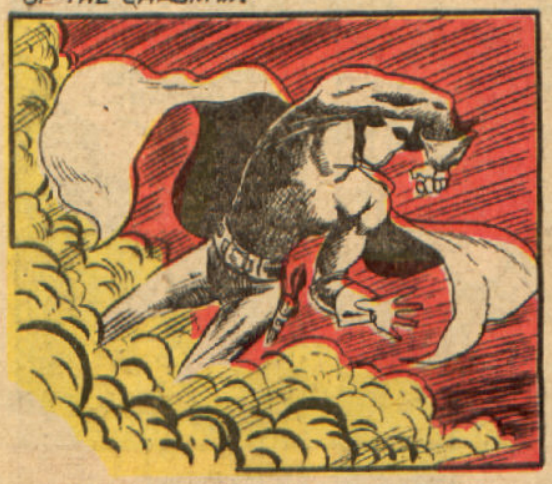
BUT THE RUSTLERS HAVE STILL ANOTHER TRICK UP THEIR SLEEVES..
IF I KNOW THE GHOST RIDER, HE'S GONNA TRY TO SWING ACROSS THUH CHASM ON THET DRATTED ROPE OF HIS. WAL— LET HIM.! WE GOT A NICE LITTLE SURPRISE WAITIN' FER HIM THUH SECOND HE TRIES TO LAND....!

A MOMENT LATER—
THAT'S STRANGE—THE VILLAINS STAND THEIR GROUND AS I FLY TOWARDS THEM... WHAT'S THAT? ONE IS BENDING OVER A PLUNGER.! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING— THEY ARE ABOUT TO DYNAMITE THE CLIFF I'M SWINGING TO....!

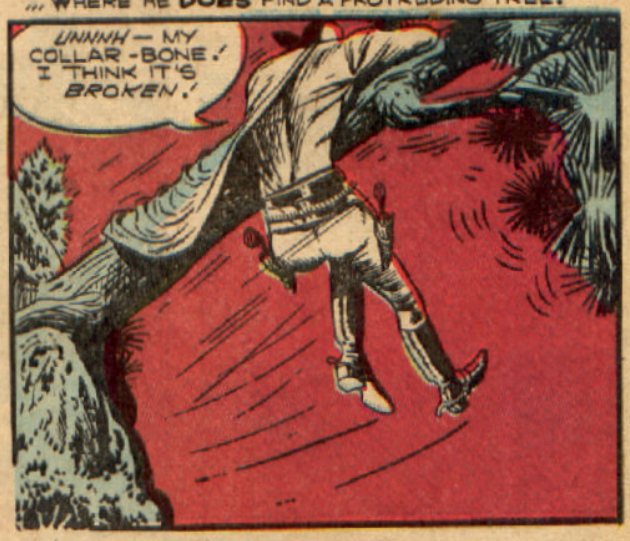
BAROOM!

THAT'S SHEER ROCK RIGHT ON DOWN TO THUH BOTTOM OF THUH CHASM ON THIS SIDE. AIN'T A TREE OR NUTHIN' FER THE GHOST RIDER TO BREAK HIS FALL ON...
THET SHORE WAS A SLICK TRAP, BOSS.! FROM HERE ON IN, WE'RE GONNA BE ABLE TO DO ALL THUH RUSTLIN' WE WANT WITHOUT HAVIN' TO WORRY ABOUT THET DRATTED GHOST.....!

BUT THE RUSTLERS HAVE MISCALCULATED! FOR THE BLAST HAS FLUNG THE GHOST RIDER *CLEAR BACK TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHASM ...!*

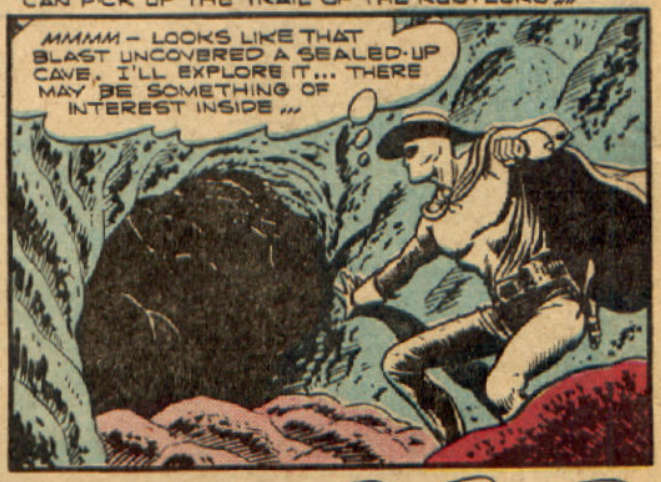


... WHERE HE **DOES** FIND A PROTRUDING TREE!



ASSUMING HIS OTHER IDENTITY — REX FURY — THE GHOST RIDER HAS HIS COLLAR-BONE TREATED ....

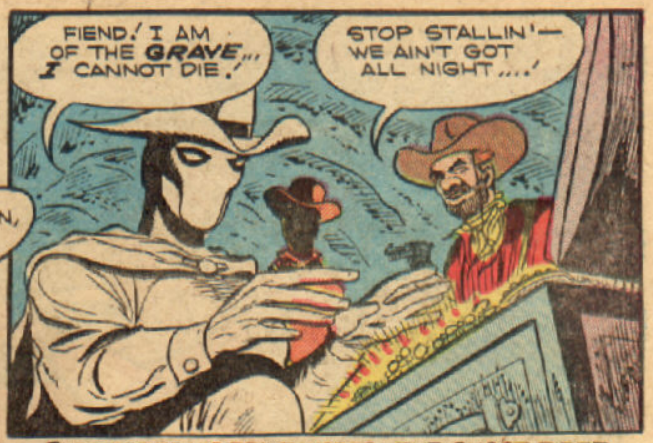
AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AS *THE GHOST RIDER* AGAIN, HE RETURNS TO THE CHASM TO SEE IF HE CAN PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE RUSTLERS ...



SO THE GHOST RIDER CREEPS SILENTLY FORWARD, UNAWARE THAT AHEAD OF HIM LIES *THE TREASURE OF DEATH ...!*

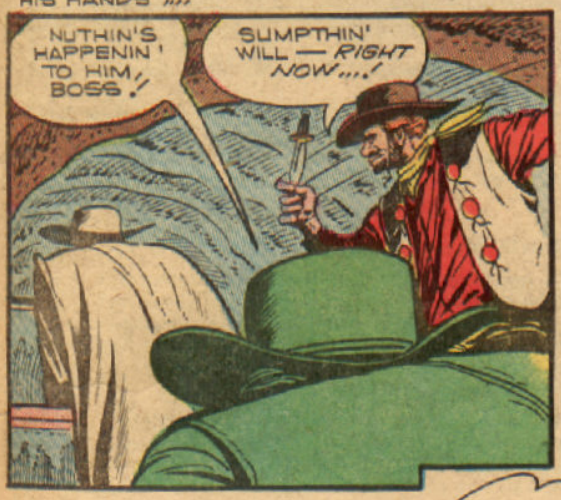
SKELETONS ... AND A TREASURE CHEST ... OF COURSE! THIS MUST BE THE DEADLY TREASURE I'VE HEARD ALL THOSE COMMANCHE LEGEND AB —

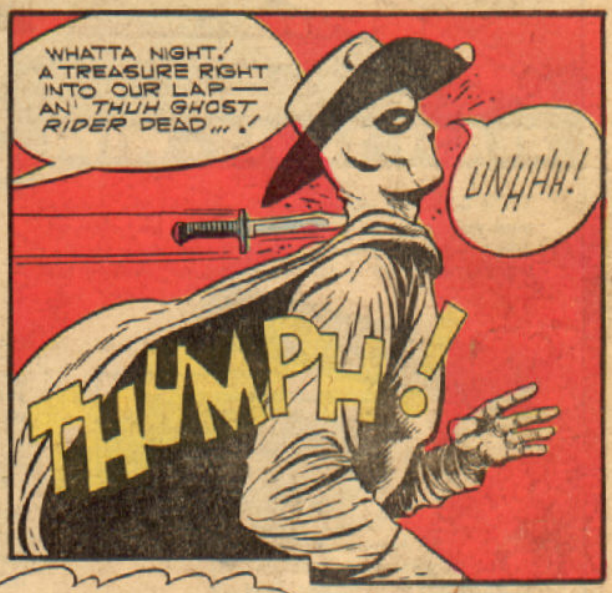
YUP — *IT'S US RUSTLERS!* WE KNEW SUMPTHIN' WAS WRONG WHEN WE COULDN'T FIND YER BODY AT THE BOTTOM OF THUH CHASM — SO I'VE HAD A MAN POSTED HERE EVER SINCE, FIGGERIN' YUH'D COME BACK TO MOSEY AROUND ... YUH GOT KEEN EYES, GHOST RIDER! YUH SPOTTED THIS CAVE FER US ... *AN' LED US RIGHT TO A TREASURE!*



BUT DESPITE HIS BRAVE WORDS, THE GHOST RIDER HESITATES. FOR A LONG MOMENT HE HOLDS HIS WHITE HANDS OVER THE GLITTERING JEWELS...

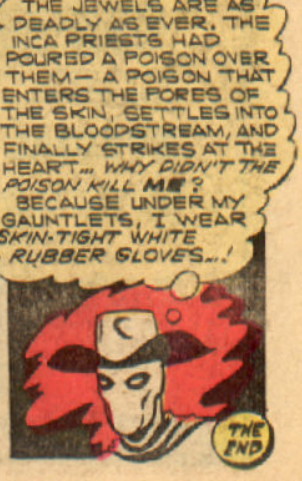
THEN... DOWN... DOWN... INTO THE DEADLY TREASURE, THE GHOST RIDER PLUNGES HIS HANDS....





BUT AS THE RUSTLERS RUSH GREEDILY FORWARD....

MUCH LATER, AFTER THE RUSTLERS HAVE BEEN HANDED OVER TO THE LAW, AND THE GHOST RIDER HAS HAD TIME TO EXAMINE THE TREASURE...



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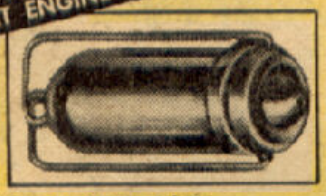

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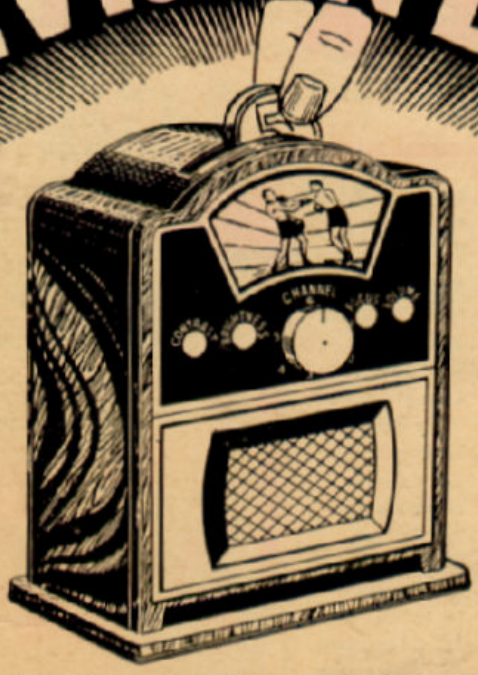

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